

Looking at you  
looking at me  
looking at you

peculiar  
to our species?  
this need to place each other  
to keep each squarely to each:  
    in our sights  
like game to be stalked  
beware  
    the approach  
    the ambush  
always shadowing  
the just-being-seen

Or is it a more benign gaze  
a coming into being  
we offer one another?

You  
a pink blossom  
amongst the rushes  
surprising  
noble distinct  
Me someplace  
afar  
yet, too  
in your sights.

Looking at you  
looking at me  
World  
creating world.